To the PROTESTANTS of ENGLAND.

NOw, to your cost, you feel with grief and tears,
The Fruitful Storms of the preceding Years:
You that now for fear'd to believe a Plot
Impos'd upon you by the Sons of Belial,
Now being your Freedom in a Villanous Council;
Cheated your selves
Thus fully fill
And all your Sins
But, come, shake off
'Tis from the Throne
He had his orders also to
A mild Whipping to the Schoolboy
The Arcana of Gods are brought
The diabolick Arts of Priests and Idolatry
Rebellion, Murder, to encrease
Which Fools believe, and would
Tricks made by Priests, the Ignorant to surprise
Who Sacred Writ and Reason to delude:
What you know better, and even oft been told
Of those damn'd Cheats, you know they want your Gold,
Prefer to your Faith, your Ancestors have won:
You know the Truth, the Mystick Three in One.
Stoop not to Idols, nor lay Reason by.
Give not your Faith up, nor yet tamely die.
The Sun will rise, the Abhorr'd fall the Stage:
And One and Twenty Months is not an Age.
Therefore be Wise, extend the Hand Divine,
Till the Bill Vows gives you the Sacred Sign.

I.

TOuch't with a teeming strain of *English* growth,
My burning Muse into a flame breaks forth
In Sacred Passions; scorns to be afraid
Of those vast Murders pious *Rome* hath made.
So gracious Mother, merciful and good,
Her Thoughts are murder, and her Bosom's blood.

II.

The Priests of Rome are like their Mother true,
Lazy and Lecherous, yet Obedient too;
Furnish'd with all the Vice that Nature gives:
They are the only Epicures that lives.
Yet they converse with God, disperse their Powers,
Confess your Wives, and also get you Heirs.

III.

Of all the Arts the Devil yet made choice,
This thing of *Popery* was his Master-piece.
For in revenge with Heaven, being at ods,
He taught the *Papists* how to *Eat* their Gods.
Then 'twould not be amiss, since thus they do,
To make clear work, and *Eat* the Devil too.

IV.

Can you forswear your Faith, give God the lye,
Cant with a *Priest*, and lay your Reason by:
Lay down your Wealth to serve the Church & they
That suck your Blood, when they pretend to Pray?
Can ye be *Priest-rid*, and be aw'd by Threats?
Can ye believe a Crew of Pious Cheats?
Can ye believe a little Dow-baked God,
A Crowing Bell, and a Good-Friday Rod,
A Lying Legend, and a Priestly Curse,
A Dish of Holy-water, and a Crost?
When Rome grows Rampant, Hell it self contrives,
When Rome Preacheth, *Belzebub* believes.

V.

What Man can think the *Inquisition* good,
When *Church-men* wash their Hands in *Lay-men's*
(Blood?
Can ye adore a Ghost, be damn'd in Jest,
Cheat all your Senses, and believe a *Priest*?
Heretick and *Infidel* they're only fit;
True Slaves to *Rome* will never question it.

VI.

Should but a *Priest* say to his Zealot, Go
Murder this *Heretick*: it must be so;
He dares not ask the Reason: goes his ways,
The Father says it; and the Fool obeys.
What Man of Sense, but must amazed stand,
To see Fools act, what Bloody Rogues command?

VII.

Consider *France* and *Spain*, see what's there done;
Under what Plagues those *Neighbouring Nations*
(groans
And all this done by *Holy Churches* care:
For where *Priests* sway, be sure oppressions there.
Priests! P— on the name, I loath the very smell:
They'r wretched things, scarce good enough for
(Hell.

VIII.

The Flux of Fate that gives us hopes and fears,
Sets *Rome* in Triumph, *London* all in Tears.
That Brood, by Flames, that made your City rue,
Will, if they can, next burn your Bodies too.
Rome's Bloody Bigots, *London*, Fate once chang'd;
Yet of a Crew of Rogues, but one Fool hang'd.

IX.

Apostate Church; a Faith built up in Blood.
A lazy *Priest*, a little senseless God.
All their Religions Lyes; its proofs a sin.
When Scripture fails, then Miracles come in.
Yet see, forget, nor yet forgive them Knaves,
While Martyr'd *Godfrey's* Blood for Vengeance
(craves.

X.

Creatures! What's that? What Novice we make?
The Thing's not strange that Priests do undertake;
Nay, and do more, the Church hath here the odds,
God made but Man, but now the *Priests* make Gods.
Never be bubled by a *Popish Lye*,
Rather than that, resolve Revenge, and dye.

XII.

Let not *Rome's* Court, *Hers* proud, e're expect
On *English* Men her lawless Laws t' erect;
Nor let the *Popish-brood* think to controul
One single Atom of a true *English* Soul:
God loaths their Worship, they hate Holy Writ,
We hate their Faith, Hell waits to punish it.